

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LIII

Published Every Thursday,  
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1924.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 36

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

## Uncle Sam has his Heroes in Peace-Time as well as in War.

Records of bravery and of heroism equal to the deeds of daring performed by those patriots who have faced shot and shell of an enemy army are not lacking among the country of employees of the United States government. While the hardships encountered and the loss of life are not so great in numbers as those recorded in actual warfare, nevertheless they bear mute testimony to the valiant service rendered by these faithful servants of the people, bent on performing the onerous and difficult tasks assigned them.

And the praises of these heroes are not sung in either prose or poetry. They are not broadcast throughout the land. There is no Congressional Medal of Honor bestowed on them; no decoration of any kind awaits them. There is not even so much as a citation for bravery and meritorious service performed in the line of duty.

But these faithful employees of Uncle Sam never complain. They are not seeking notoriety. They are being content to carry on their daily labors without thought of reward other than that which goes with the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

There is no class of employees of the government that faces more actual perils of life and limb and are subject to more vicissitudes of the elements in their daily routine than some of the men who carry the mails over some of the more difficult of the star routes. These men are not paid salaries but work under contract, awarded under the law as a result of competitive bidding. It might be said that they differ from all other government employees in that they fix their own salaries.

When it is pointed out that during the past two and a half years fifty-five carriers have lost their lives while in the performance of duty, it will be seen that the tasks assigned them are hazardous in the extreme.

There are star routes scattered throughout the country, where "seas of mud" are considered of slight moment, and where the perils encountered from ice packs and flocks, many times result in death or serious and permanent injury.

To the city dweller a reference to the mail man brings a picture of the grey-coated carriers, who delivers his letters and packages unhampered to any great extent by wind or weather. But the denizen of the rural district thinks of him as the driver of a horse-drawn or motor vehicle, whose arrival is regarded as an event in the daily life of the occupant of the farm, putting him, as it does, in touch with the outside world and with his fellow man.

In January of this year, Reinhold Dreahn, carrier on the star route between Buffalo and Murchison, South Dakota, fell a victim to duty. For several years Dreahn had been making twice-a-week trips between the two hamlets, encountering all sorts of weather conditions but never failing to carry out his part of the contract with the Post Office Department. He had started from Murchison as usual on a certain Saturday, and when he did not put up an appearance the next day at Buffalo, a search was made for him. He was found just one mile outside of town with both hands and feet frozen. He was dead when discovered and it is estimated he had been exposed to the intense cold for over sixteen hours. The theory advanced for his death was that, becoming exhausted from a hard day's work, and while attempting to crank his car, he fell and was not able to recover his senses before he succumbed to the cold of the night.

Records of the Post Office Department show that among the most dangerous and difficult routes served by rural carriers and star route contractors are those extending from Newport to Otter Rock, Ore.; Ellison Bay to Detroit Harbor, Wis.; Rocky Bar to Atlanta, Idaho, and from Sandusky to Kellys Island, Middle Bass and Put-In-Bay, Ohio.

On the Rocky Bar-Atlanta, Idaho, route, the service is performed in the winter season by carriers traveling on snow-shoes, packing 50 pounds of mail. Not infrequently,

carriers on this route have been caught in snowslides and swept to death. Only a year or two ago, a carrier lost his life in this way early in January and his body was not recovered until late the following June.

The routes from Ellison Bay to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, and from Sandusky, Ohio, to nearby islands must be operated over the ice in the winter and in the fall when the lake is frozen. During the spring thaw it is extremely difficult and hazardous to carry on the service. A number of carriers have lost their lives in endeavoring to transport the mails between these points.

Probably one of the most hazardous experiences that ever befell one or more of Uncle Sam's mail carriers was that of the Hitchcock brothers, carriers on the routes out of Sandusky. Some winters ago, while endeavoring to deliver mail to residents of some of the smaller islands in Lake Erie, they were caught in a storm and running ice. They were carried down the lake by the resistless force of a drift in which they had become wedged. The carriers were given up for lost by the excited islanders. A cablegram wired to Kelly Island read:

"Look out for the carriers; they are fast in the ice and drifting that way."

But the two men, after many efforts, were rescued. They were in an exhausted condition and so completely covered and weighed down with ice as to be helpless. Their caps were frozen fast to their heads and their clothes so loaded with ice that the wearers were unable to bend.

On arrival at home their friends were obliged to cut and tear away their ice-encased garments. After changing clothing a bushel of ice that had fallen off in the process was swept from the floor.

For several years George and Charley Morrison were employed as carriers on the Bass Island route. They, too, passed through many arduous and trying experiences, being the victims of many close calls from death. Out on the lake in all kinds of weather, with ice conditions of every description they battled with storm, running ice, fog and blinding snow.

Formerly associated with George Morrison in the mail carrying service was his brother-in-law, Carl Rotert. The two were unexpectedly overtaken by an accident which resulted in the drowning of Rotert. Among the articles carried in the boat operated by the two men was a long, unwieldy piece of metal. This in some way shifted, capsizing the boat. Morrison found himself struggling in the water. With great difficulty he succeeded in extricating himself, but Rotert was carried under the ice. His body was not recovered until late the following spring.

Henry Elfers carried the mails to Kelley's Islands for over forty years. During that time he had many hairbreadth escapes and adventures galore.

"When I was a youngster," said Elfers not long ago. "I was out in a boat about all the time. Now I don't care for ordinary sailing, but battling with the ice has a fascination for me. As soon as the ice begins to form I feel eager to get out one of the ironclads and fight my way across. Each is a flat-bottomed skiff. There's a sail in the bow to carry us through the water or over the ice when conditions are right. There are two iron-shod runners on the bottom so the boat may be used as a sled. The sides are sheathed with galvanized iron. This is very important because thin ice will cut a boat like a knife."

"From here to Sandusky is ten miles in a direct line and I go there when conditions are good. At other times I go to Marblehead, which is four miles away and the nearest point on the mainland. I have sailed these four miles over smooth ice in 20 minutes. I have covered the same distance in eight hours. That was when the ice was about an inch and a half thick and I had to break my way over every foot of the four miles. At times the lake has been covered with icebergs 20 to 30 feet high, and I have had to travel 15 miles in a roundabout course to reach Marblehead."

"In the winter of 1896 I started back from Marblehead with my son,

and we got to within half a mile of the island when we were caught in a blizzard. The wind blew 55 miles an hour. Snow filled the air so I could not see my son at the other end of our sixteen foot boat. Our sail was torn to pieces and we battled with the blizzard four hours before we succeeded in reaching Marblehead."

"At 8 o'clock one night, I had almost reached the island when I found I could not land on account of running ice. I turned toward Marblehead, but lost my way in a fog and did not reach there until 3 o'clock next morning. Twice the life savers came out and got me when high seas and running ice made it impossible for me to land without their help."

The craft used by Uncle Sam's carriers to deliver the mails to these points on Lake Erie is a combination sailboat, rowboat, ice yacht and sled.

The star route from Ellison Bay, the northernmost postoffice in the Door County peninsula to Detroit Harbor, Wisconsin, is one that is covered by carrier entirely by water, crossing the famous passage called "Death's Door."

During the months when navigation is open, that is, from May 1st to November 1st, carrying the mail on this route is a comparatively safe occupation, and free from difficulties. It is during the winter period, however, from November 1st to May 1st, that the carrier has more than a man's size job on his hands.

Let the postmaster at Detroit Harbor tell his own tale.

"The chief difficulty encountered while crossing Death's Door in winter," he says, is drifting ice fields. The ice bridge that forms in extremely cold weather hardly ever remains for more than a few days at a time. It is speedily dissembled by shifting gales and currents. Sometimes this breakup occurs so suddenly that the carrier is caught out on the ice with his horse, sleigh and mail. It is at these times that the proximity of the U. S. Coast Guard station at Plum Island is a Godsend. One such incident took place some few years ago. The breakup occurred while the carrier was transporting the mail to this side over the ice with horse and sleigh. The ice became so thoroughly broken up that in a very short time the carrier found himself on an ice cake barely large and heavy enough to hold him and his equipment. The Coast Guard crew, having noticed his plight, came to the rescue. They succeeded in getting a line out to the carrier and then towed the whole cake over the solid ice, and the carrier was enabled to walk onto more solid ice and thereby reached the mainland."

"When the carrier cannot find solid ice on which to travel he usually resorts to his motor launch. This he has conveniently moored inside the edge of the heavy ice, with a channel cut away to open water. Here he may have to buck new ice for long distances, and travel through slush ice which will be 8 or 10 feet deep and oftentimes impassable. In such circumstances, he has to return and seek out new openings in the ice fields. Sometimes his boat is caught in drifting ice fields and carried out into Lake Michigan, and forced to stay out over night. Finding suitable landing places on either shore during the winter, cutting off all access to docks. Then the carrier must land along the beaches wherever the surf will permit, anchor his boat in deep navigable water and ferry the mail into shore in a rowboat, then carry the mail bags over the ice banks and hummocks to the waiting team on land."

"Another mode of carrying the mail is by the use of the ice boat. The carrier attaches ropes to the gunwales forward and hauls the boat along the ice like a sled. When open water is encountered, he launches the boat takes his place at the oars and pulls for the other side. This sounds exceedingly simple to the uninitiated, but the difficulty comes when attempting to launch the boat from the edge of the ice. Naturally, there is a wide belt of slush ice and small cakes caused by the seas pulverizing the outskirts of the ice floes. Sometimes the seas are so heavy that they will dash the small boat back on the solid ice. At other times the cakes that com-

prise this belt of broken ice are too heavy to row through. When this happens the carrier leaps out on the cakes, and holding on to the gunwale of the boat, pushes it along toward open water, leaping back into the boat when his footing has disappeared."

"The wonder of it all is that there are not frequent drownings, but I know of no loss of life while carrying mail across Death's Door. Naturally, with all these difficulties to overcome, there are periods when the carrier is unable to cross, quite frequently for five or six days at a time. During these delays, mail is piling up at the Ellison Bay post office, making it quite a problem for the already overworked carrier as to how to transport such a large volume of mail with the means at hand. These periods of non-mail delivery are trying to the one thousand inhabitants on Washington Island, since the parcels post system affords the only means in winter to procure supplies, medicine and other commodities. These conditions will continue to exist as long as the mail is transported along the surface of the water. Perhaps the airplane will solve the problem in the future. Why not?"

The carrier who supplies mail on the Newport-Otter Rock route in Oregon, immediately on the Pacific coast, is up against many difficulties and hardships, and many times takes his life in his hand in order that the patrons on the route may receive their letters and packages. The carrier is compelled to travel down the beach at low tide. If for some reason the incoming tide catches him before completing his trip he must either abandon his team and the mails and climb the rocks or be dashed to pieces against them."

The most expensive star route in the United States is from Price to Vernal, Utah. It is 121 miles long and for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1923, the cost of maintaining it was approximately \$96,700. As high as 20 or more tons a day of mail matter—mostly parcel post—are handled over this route. The longest routes are from Two Harbors to Grand Portage, Minn., and from Midland, Texas to Lovington, New Mexico. These routes are each 143 miles in length.

## HOME

Home is where the heart finds its greatest content.

Home is the results of learning how to bear and forbear.

Home is the best school for making true men and women.

Home is God's blessing to mankind, the safeguard of the world.

Home is the dearest earthly shelter from cradle to the grave.

Home is an inn where love is landlord and contentment chief guest.

Home is a corporation whose preferred stock is contented children.

Home is where happiness, health, harmony, hearts, ease, holiness, heritage, and respectful children live.

Home is a retreat and shelter for us in advanced age, and if we do not plant it while young it will give us no shade when we grow old.—*The Gateway.*

## About Amber.

Amber is a fossilized vegetable resin found in geological deposits. The heavy drops of resin are brought out on trees by the sun. The red fir tree is one instance. These balls of resin drop from the tree and sink into the earth. Each year the resin goes deeper below the surface. After a thousand years have elapsed, the resin has become fossilized and is mined in large pieces. The beads for combs, necklaces and bracelets are cut and polished from the mined amber. There are many varieties of amber—such as stone amber, water amber, flower amber, black jet amber and wax amber. The latter is yellow in color and transparent.

The Chinese always identify genuine amber by rubbing the stone between the hands. If it is the genuine stone, it becomes warm from friction and will attract the mustard seeds, or chaff, or dried leaves, just as a magnet attracts iron.

## A SPECTATOR AT ST. PAUL

By J. Frederick Meagher

IV

The "doings" were dreary. The delegates weary, The soft silence hung like a pall, in the hall; 'Till big Jim O' Leary In signs sharp and cheery Began a discussion of good old baseball.

No; sessions of the grand convention of the N. F. S. D. were not given to confabs on the batting average of Ty Cobb; but outside the hall the one staple topic, which would brighten the eye of nine out of every ten delegates, was the pen-nant chances of his home-town team. Some of the delegates knew infinitely more about baseball than they did of Roberts' Rules of Order, or the phraseology of Article 'teenth, Section umph, General Laws.

Tuesday morning the convention "tried out the rookie," the roof garden, up on the top floor of the Saint Paul; and the recruit "showed his stuff" so well it was "signed for the balance of the league season."

This roof garden—enclosed by walls, yet so open that the rule against smoking was lifted, since the cool breezes instantly whiffed the smoke away, thus avoiding eye-strain—had drawbacks, however. It was small—probably the size of the average lodge-room of the average division. Huge pillars, strategically placed, made floor-addresses inadvisable, so all speaking was done from the rostrum, or platform. But the light was perfect, and we were cool, and well-fed—hence happy.

Almost the first official act of the convention that morning, was the unanimous election of Elwood Stevenson, the new superintendent of the Minnesota State School for the Deaf, to honorary membership in the Society—the first honorary membership conferred since I moved that the honor be bestowed on that staunch old pure-oralist, Dr. Crouter, at Philadelphia, 1918. Young Stevenson, he can't be over 30, is the son of deaf parents and a fluent master of sign-ography. He interpreted the address of Gov. Preus the day before. Stevenson had recently been "fired" as superintendent of the Kansas School, due to politics, and the delegates, to a man, stood back of the N. A. D.'s fight against making our State schools the catpaws of politicians. Minnesota never was addicted to that trick, so the capable young Stevenson probably has a life job there.

Stevenson certainly created a most favorable impression with the delegates. Average build, clean-cut, clean-looking, courteous and extraordinarily kind. His wife—Edith, the oldest daughter of our own deaf poet-laureate, J. Schuyler Long, of Iowa—is perfectly proportioned, pleasant, nobly friendly, diplomatic. The type of woman every young man enshrines in his secret heart.

The question of admission of women was not even voted on. A roll vote showed enough delegates came instructed by their division, to defeat the admission of women matter—486 against, to 8 for, and 258 unstructured and conditional.

Chicago has more brainy, go-getting, deaf girls than any other city, probably; yet not only did Chicago fail to make its Sorority, or "Sisterity" a success, but the ladies even failed to show enough ability to make their ladies' auxiliary last. They had the splendid Silent A. C. to meet in, and the mental, moral and financial support of the men.

Do the ladies want to join the Frats? I doubt. Could the ladies make a success of it, joining as auxiliaries and holding their own meetings in another hall?

During the noon recess, delegates, alternates, visitors, and all took a pleasant stroll of twelve blocks to the State Capitol to have a lot of panoramas taken. Very pleasant walk—so we all left our overcoats behind, as it was hot enough to parboil potatoes on the asphalt. Fine walk—if I were training to come down to my old American amateur championship poundage, of 108-lbs. again. MacDonald Cameron, of Boston and Tom Cosgrove, of Brooklyn, who served as my personal body-guard on that tiresome trek, recalled that Musselman, who travel across the hot sands of the desert to visit the tomb of Mahom-

med, are privileged to wear a green tuburn. Wonder if they have yet sewn on their regalia hats that narrow strip of green ribbon which we suggested was a meet and fitting reward for our hazardous pilgrimage. "And Howard said the local committee had \$4000 for our entertainment?" we kept reminding each other. Believe me, boys, Howard and his much-advertised \$4000 were standard topics of indignation meetings in any corner or corridor throughout the whole miserable week. We were good and sore.

The photos are \$1.25 apiece, and good ones. "How come, you didn't get the contract for the photos, as you have in almost very large convention for the past two decades?" I asked Alexander Lester Pach.

"I didn't want the contract," Pach manhattaned back. "For once in my life, I want to attend a convention, and enjoy myself, without having to lug around a heavy camera and apparatus on hot days."

Meanwhile, following the photographing, non-delegates inspected the State Capitol building, while the I. S. D. band played in the Rotunda right under the vast dome. For the first time since the new Capitol was built, it is said, the private offices of the governor were opened to the public, and we breezed right in for a look—see. Robert A. Powers, of Chicago, noticed a queer-looking contrivance on the wall of the Governor's private offices. "Why, my father invented and patented that thermostat, or heat regulator," he flickered on agitated fingers. Sure enough; such proved the fact.

While visiting the Senate chamber, it was observed that one of the three big marble busts in the creviced corners (one corner is vacant) was that of the late Senator Washburn, father of that distinguished deaf artist whose etchings are world-famous—Cadwalader Washburn. The late Senator is admittedly one of the greatest men Minnesota ever produced, and the son inherits in large measure his father's individuality.

The "steamboat excursion on the Mississippi River," originally scheduled for that evening, was called off. Someone said the river was too low. Someone else said it was the local committee treasury which was too low. You can search me; I don't know. Anyhow, we were told to take the Shelby-Lake or Meridian-Mississippi trolleys to Thompson Memorial clubhouse, corner of Fairview and Marshall avenues. Told to pay our own trolley transportation. We did. The clubhouse is magnificent. In a way, not as large as the Silent A. C., and yet in a way having points of superiority over the Chicago clubhouse. Among the dignitaries I saw there was Mrs. Charles Thompson, who built the edifice, expressly designed and erected by Dr. Olof Hanson while president of the N. A. D., as a memorial to her deceased millionaire-husband. Mrs. Thompson is not stuck-up, nor riding a high-horse; neither does she go around parading her wealth and intruding herself on others.

Thompson clubhouse was packed. The *raison d'être* was a "500" game in the hall proper, managed by the ladies' auxiliary. Ah, here we get some of that \$4,000 at least—but no, pungle up 25 cents per player, or \$1 per table. "What for?" "For the prizes, silly." My wife got there late, and all tables were taken; but the charming chairman persuaded a local lady to donate her seat to the visitor. The local lady did so, then hung around a few moments, while my wife wondered: finally the local lady blurted with sudden signs, "Gimme back my 25 cents." So my wife did.

They aimed to show some "movies" later. Local lads told me that over and over, while testing the projecting machine, the light system got habitually off and has to be fixed. Sure enough, at 9:45 the lights went out and for over half an hour the building was in darkness, lit only by a couple of candles and an occasional match.

Mrs. Swangren awarded prizes to (I think): Ladies—1 Mrs. J. Sullivan, Chicago; 2 Miss Lucy Madden, Minneapolis; 3 Mrs. J. Meagher, Chicago; 4 Miss Alice Donohue, Chicago. Men—1 Emil Rishway,

St. Paul; 2 D. Ungaretti, St Paul; 3 Oliver Johnson. There were others, but the instant Mrs. Swangren ceased her presentations, the lights went out for the movies, and I was left with incomplete notes and no means of finding my quarry in the dark and sardined hall.

Rev. Franklin Smileau, who was trying to recruit a special car of 25 silents for a tour of the Yellowstone, brought two reels of movies lent him by the Northern Pacific. This was followed by a Bill Rogers comedy film.

(To be continued.)

## MAKING FUDGE

Fudge is really nothing but flavored fondant. That is, it is flavored sugar—melted by adding liquid and heating it—that crystallizes when it becomes cold. For good fudge the crystallization should take place rapidly, so that the crystals will be very small. If it occurs slowly the crystals have time to grow large, and that makes the fudge gritty. In making pure fondant from unflavored sugar—such as is used for filling chocolate creams—no undissolved crystals should be left in the hot fondant, for if there were any they would start a growth of coarse crystals while the mass was cooling. Stirring the fondant vigorously when it is cool forms the crystals all at once in the desired degree of fineness; but it is possible to make delicious fudge without being so careful about the undissolved crystals, because if you immediately cool and stir the mixture in a panful of water the crystals will not have time to form.

Have the proportions of liquid and of sugar just right. If you use too much liquid the crystals will be gritty. If you use too little, the fudge will set to a dry hard mass in the pan before you can scoop it out. Most fudge makers put in too much liquid at the start and have to boil it out—an unscientific procedure that wastes time. It is possible to measure the ingredients so exactly that the fudge is ready to cool and stir by the time they have been melted by heat and before they have been boiled at all. When that is done there are usually a few crystals left undissolved. They will not seriously affect the fudge, but it is better to add at the start about half an ounce more of liquid than the exact amount required, and to boil that off in about thirty seconds.

One pound of sugar, three fluid ounces of milk, three ounces of fine-grated cooking chocolate, and one ounce of butter, are the right proportions for a standard fudge mixture. A few grains of salt will improve the flavor. When you have cooked the mixture add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Do not pour the fudge out without first stirring it, and do not stir it so long that it sets solid in the saucepan. Place the saucepan in cool water and stir the mixture. At the first sign of stiffening, scoop it quickly into a buttered tin.

When a sample of the fudge dropped into cold water is just too soft to be rolled between the fingers to a soft ball, the fudge is cooked long enough. It should not taste gritty; if it does, add an ounce of water and boil the mass until it is of the right consistency. If it is too hard, but is smooth and free from grit, add one tablespoonful of water and stir and test the mass again, but do not cook it again.

It saves time to measure the milk in a glass graduate marked in ounces, and to measure the sugar in the same cup every time.

Few of the substances used to flavor fudge will affect seriously the crystallization of the sugar, but if enough molasses or the glucose in corn syrup is added it will prevent crystallization, and if either is added in sufficient quantity it will form the whole mass into a caramel mixture.

For a fair substitute for maple sugar, omit the chocolate and the butter in the receipt given above, flavor the mass with half a teaspoonful of maple extract and a teaspoonful of vanilla and add a pinch of salt. The receipt is economical, and it is easy to double the quantities if you wish.—*Youth's Companion.*



# Captain Cook in the South Seas

Captain James Cook was one of Britain's great sailors, and he did more than any other man to find out new islands in the Pacific Ocean. Indeed it was Captain Cook who found Australia and New Zealand, and, as you know these large islands belong to the British Empire. James Cook was born in Yorkshire, and as his home was near the sea, he loved to talk to sailors and hear their wonderful stories. So much did he think about the life of a sailor, that he longed to go to sea; and indeed he was not happy till one day his father let him have his way.

The first ship entered by James was a coal ship, and, as you suppose, he had a hard and dirty time on this vessel. But he gave his mind to the work, and hoped one day to have a ship of his own. How that came about you will now be pleased to hear. In those days Britain was at war with France, and wanted sailors to fight against the French in America. James Cook offered to go, and as his conduct had been so good he was made master of a warship named the Eagle.

You will one day read all about the work that James Cook did in America; but here you may like to know that he helped Wolfe, one of our greatest heroes, to defeat the French at Quebec, and so win Canada for Britain. After this victory Cook came back to England; and in a few years he began a new life, for he went out to find new lands and take them for King George III.

The first ship of which he was captain was the Endeavour; and although we should not now think it large, it did very good work. It left England, and after sailing around Cape Horn, it entered the Pacific Ocean. In this the greatest of the oceans, Captain Cook was to win great fame, for he saw many islands, and found many new ones.

We can well fancy how beautiful these green islands must have been to the eyes of Cook and his friends, after spending months on the sea. The first island on which Cook landed was Tahiti; and there he was well treated by the natives. There was, however, one failing they showed, for they were great thieves, and often tried to steal some of Cook's instruments. Captain Cook was very kind to these people, and gained their good-will. He got the friendships of the queen of the island by giving her a child's doll, with which she was much pleased. One of the chiefs was jealous of the queen having this present, and tried to take it from her. Cook got over this trouble by also giving the chief a doll.

At length Cook left this beautiful island and sailed on till he reached New Zealand, which, as you know, consists of two large islands and a smaller one. Cook found that the natives were very warlike, and like those of Tahiti, much given to stealing. He did not stay long on land at any place, but sailed all round the three islands.

Cook left New Zealand and steered for the great island we now call Australia, but which was then named New Holland. Here he entered a bay; but his landing was opposed by the natives, who threw stones and spears at the white men. Cook ordered his men to fire a few shots over their heads and at their legs; and this so frightened them that they fled at once into the woods.

Cook with some of his men landed and went into the new country. They saw beautiful birds, and many lovely plants and flowers. They were so charmed with the place, that they called it Botany Bay. After staying a week at this spot, Cook once again set sail and kept close to the coast. On one occasion, the ship ran among some rocks and sandbanks and struck on a reef. It was feared that she

would become a wreck, for a hole had been made in her hull. All hands were soon working the pumps. After much hard work the vessel was floated off the rock and taken to the shore for repairs.

Cook had now been absent from England for more than two years, so it was thought well to sail home, which was safely reached after voyage of nearly three years. When Cook got back he was welcomed by everyone, for it was felt that he had done his work very well indeed.

Captain Cook made two other long voyages to the Pacific, and each time he found new places and added to his fame. It is sad to know that, during the third voyage, he met with his death at the hands of the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

When he was on one of the islands, he was looked upon by the people as a god, for they almost worshipped him, and gave him food without taking any payment. After a while, however, their conduct changed, and one day Cook and some of his men found that the natives had armed themselves and put on their war-mats.

Cook saw that danger was ahead, and so he told his men to get into a boat. As they were doing so, the natives rushed upon them with their spears, and killed four men. Captain Cook was struck on the head with a club, and then killed with blows from many daggers. His body was given up by the natives, and having been put in a coffin, was cast into the deep.

Thus died one of the greatest sailors of Britain's Empire. He has left his mark, for it was easy for other men to go where he led the way. Many places on the map of the world are named after him, and we do well to remember Cook as a brave sailor and a true hero.—*At Home and Abroad.*

## St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

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ENTERTAINMENT

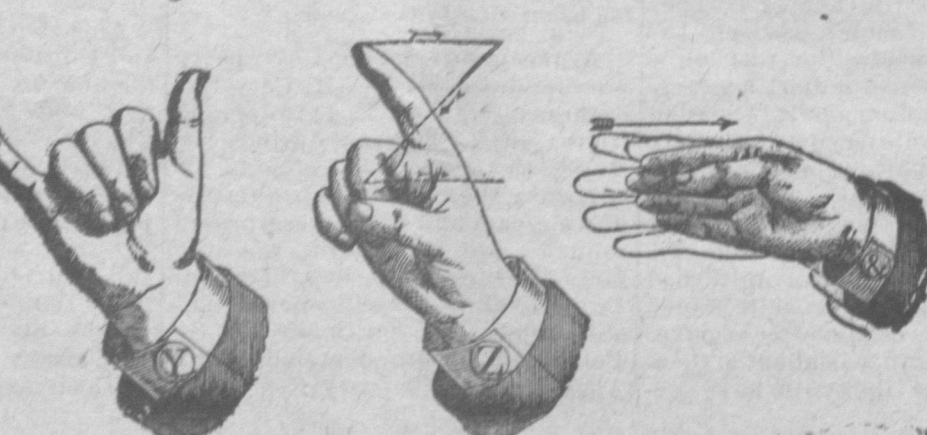
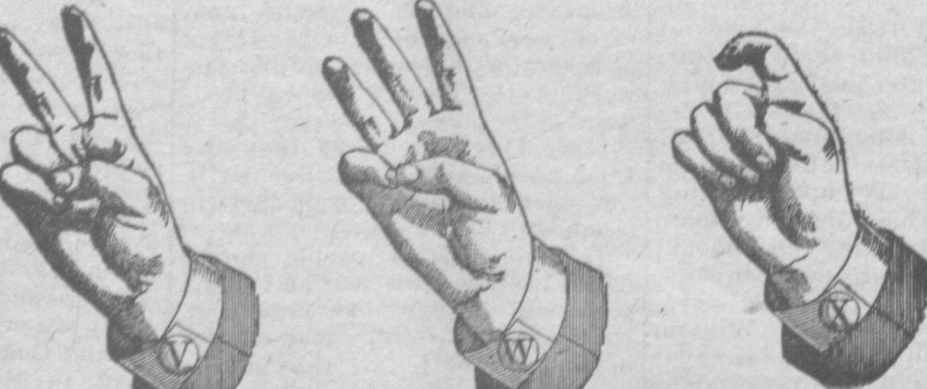
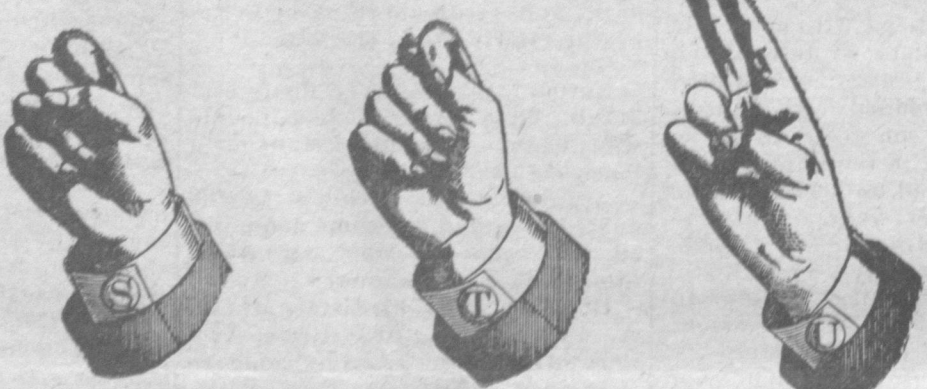
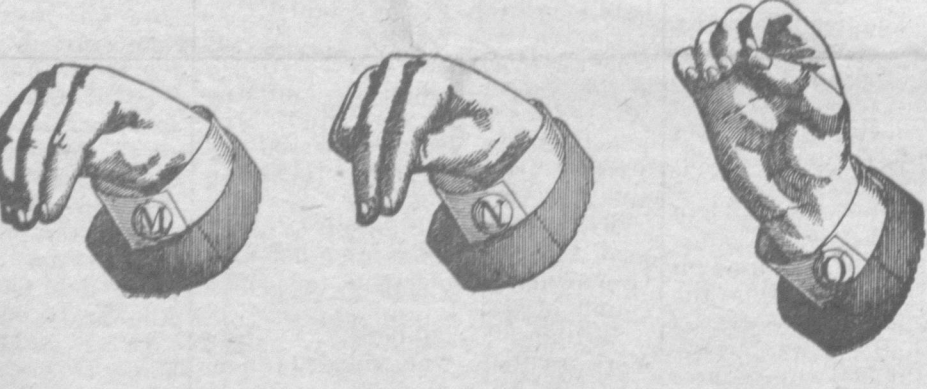
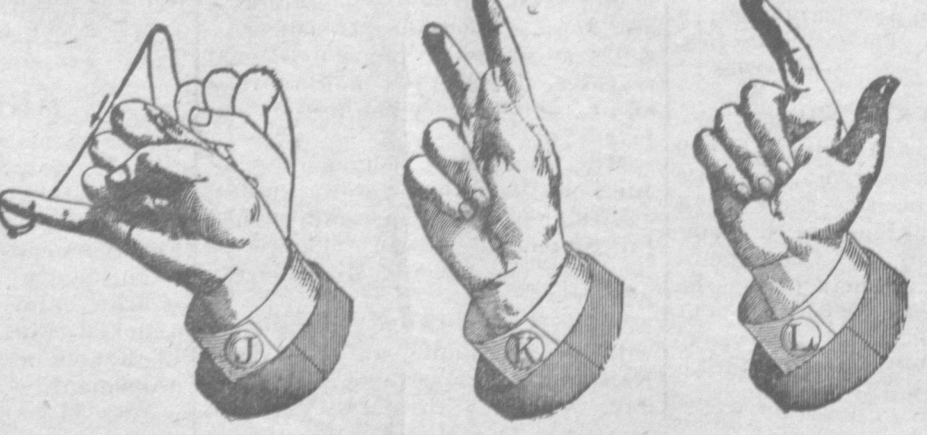
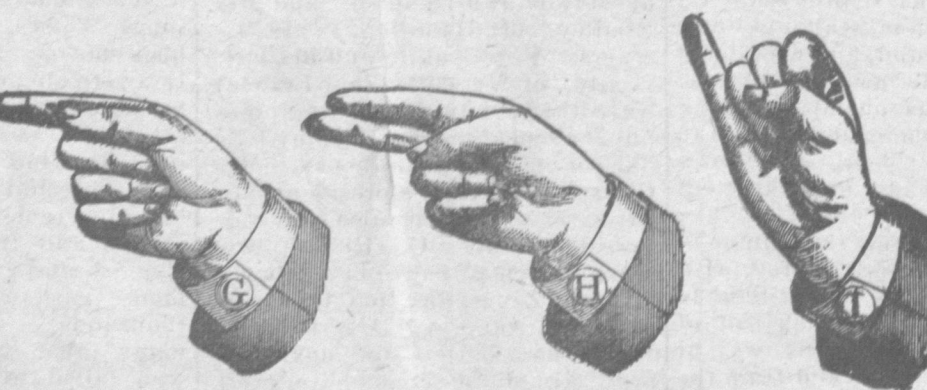
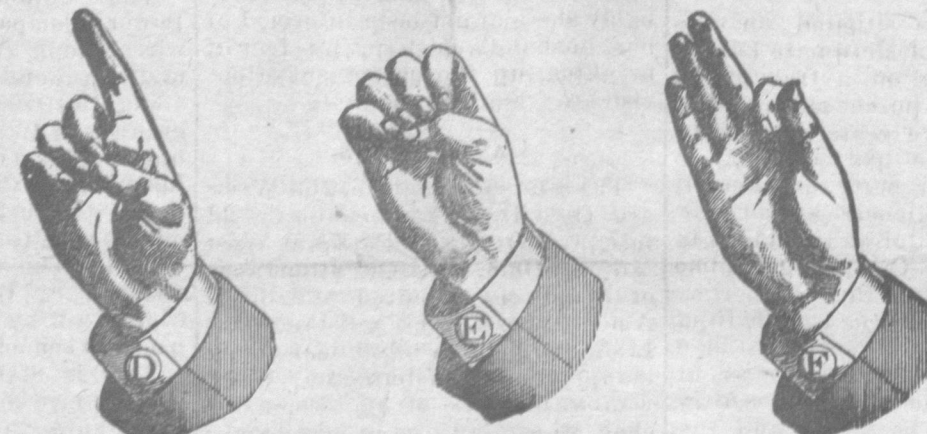
AT

BRONX CASTLE HALL

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

[BENEFIT OF BUILDING FUND.]

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPAABET.



## VAUDEVILLE

(For Coal Fund)

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, October 18, 1924

AT 8:30 P.M.

ADMISSION, 35 CENTS

MRS. J. H. MCCLUSKEY,  
Chairman.

## The Family Album

Celebrated Portraits from Life  
8502 B.C. to 1924 A.D.

will be exhibited with appropriate remarks

AT

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf  
511 West 148th Street

Saturday evening, Sept. 27th

Admission 35 Cents

Refreshments will be served.

Proceeds for benefit of Fair Supper Fund

GERTRUDE T. KENT, Chairman

## SOUND AND SEASONED INVESTMENT BONDS

The purchase of a security is simple, not complicated as many people seem to think.

All you have to do is to select any security, listed or unlisted, is to order any one and we would send you a bill for it.

Do not send money in advance, but wait for our bill. Pay either by bank draft or personal check and we would ship the security by registered mail.

## BONDS

in denominations of  
\$1000 \$500 \$100  
in bargain prices

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM  
Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street  
New York City

Correspondent of  
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

## The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and for yourself with policy contracts not excelled in all the world.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go to a Bank. When you think of Life Insurance plus savings, write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th Street, New York

Nov. 13, 14 and 15, 1924

IS RESERVED FOR  
FAIR

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

MRS. EDWARD RAPPOIT, Chairman

Reserved for

NEW JERSEY  
SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

December 13, 1924

Particulars Later

RESERVED  
DECEMBER  
13, 1924

Volta Bureau  
1001-35 ST. N. W.

THIRD ANNUAL

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

GIVEN BY

Bronx Division, No. 92  
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

—AT—

EBLING CASINO

156th St. and St. Ann's Ave.  
Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday Evening,  
November 1, 1924

ADMISSION 50 CENTS  
(Including wardrobe)

All Your Friends Will Be There.

DIRECTIONS: How to reach. Take 180th Street Subway to 140th Street, and get a transfer, take 3d Avenue Elevated Line, and get off at 156th Street Station. Walk two blocks, east of 3d Avenue.

E. P. BONVILLAIN,  
Chairman.

GRAND ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE

Under the auspices of the

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB  
OF  
PHILADELPHIA

Turngemeinde Hall

Broad St. and Columbia Ave.

Saturday evening,  
November 8th, 1924

ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

Cash Costume Prizes  
Music Par Excellence

## Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the "Hollywood," 41 West 124th Street. The President is Samuel Frankenheim and the Treasurer is Julius Seandel. Address all communications to the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Manhattan, N. Y. 7-25-24

## Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: BENJAMIN FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 4807-13th Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Joe Collins, Secretary, 493 West 130th Street, New York.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, receptive and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles are always welcome. E. Souweine, President; S. Lowenber, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

## VISITORS IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor

61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings..... First Saturday  
Literary Meetings..... Last Saturday  
Club rooms open every day  
Charles Kamp, President.  
Kenneth J. Munger, Secretary,  
6840 Kenwood Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

## First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Union deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Residence: 611 N. Belmont Avenue. Open to all denominations. Visiting mutes are welcome.

## WATCH FOR A BIG EVENING RESERVED

Saturday Evening, Jan. 24, 1925



## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The New York Artists and Artists Club is probably the most amicable organization in this city. The reason is one might judge, because they meet so seldom aside from their annual banquet and picnic. Their picnic came off, Sunday, at Oakland Beach, about thirty-five including guest seemed to be present. Some came en masse by boat, others by bus, L. train, and each took a different route home, so the artistic instinct variety, was satisfied. They are a singularly congenial bunch anyway. Rather than be accused of omitting any single name of those present, the writer is not jotting down any, but it was an honest-to-goodness big crowd and all the nice people worth while were present.

Recently the JOURNAL told that Miss Anna Keightley had her photograph accepted for the *Daily Mirror's* Beauty Contest, and though there were several thousand entrants, Miss Keightley was one of one hundred who walked past the judges at the Shubert Theatre, where all the girls assembled, and she was further honored by being one of the 24 selected to play in the "Follies." The play they were invited to see was "Marjorie," in which Elizabeth Hines is starring. Finally the competitors were narrowed down to eight, but Miss Keightley was told she was of too slight physique for the Atlantic City contest, though otherwise she would have been chosen, and Miss Fay King, the cartoonist and critic of the Hearst papers sketched her, and is going to weave her into a special story of a deaf beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ira Todd and daughter, Ruth, who have a farm at Brighton, New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Whyland, the latter being the instructor in cabinet making at the Rochester School. They all came down in the Whyland car, and enjoyed the hospitality that the McManns are famous for. All of the above were schoolmates of Mrs. McMann at the Rochester School. While here, the hosts took them by steamer to Coney Island, and tendered them a shore dinner, with all trimmings. Mr. and Mrs. Whyland had never been in New York before.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Werner, who have been spending the summer with Mrs. Werner's parents, left Tuesday for their trains—continental trip. They will stop in Chicago, visit Faribault, and spend awhile with Mr. Werner's folks in Minneapolis. Then they will visit Yellowstone, go through Vancouver to Seattle and back to the Salem, Oregon Institution, where both are employed on the teaching staff. On their way east, they stopped in San Francisco and Los Angeles through Mexico to New Orleans, and attended the reunion at Gallaudet College, where both graduated. A number of their New York friends called on them, the evening before their departure.

Many of the friends of Mrs. Edward Matthias, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be shocked to learn of her demise, which occurred Friday morning, August 29th, at her residence in Elgin, Ill. She underwent an operation two days previous, and is survived by her husband, one daughter and two sons, also one sister and two brothers. The interment took place Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Matthias was Margaret Scanlon, and received her education at St. Joseph Institute, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Donovan and daughter are spending several weeks, visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Boswell in Washington, D. C. Mr. Donovan's vacation being over, is back at work. Mrs. Donovan has visited Great Falls, Va., "The Niagara Falls in Virginia," and many places of interest. Mr. and Mrs. Donovan recently purchased a house in the suburbs of Dunton, N. Y.

Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet has been for the past three weeks in a private Sanatorium undergoing treatment for a serious trouble with her eye. She has returned to the Hotel Monticello, where the treatment is being continued, and absolute rest and quiet is prescribed for some weeks to come. The doctors give every encouragement for her ultimate recovery.

Mr. Samuel Frankenstein gave a dinner party at his home, on Wednesday, August 27th, in honor of Mr. Felix A. Simonson, at which a number of his friends were also invited. Mrs. Simonson did much to make the affair a success.

Mr. Frank A. Brown was discharged from St. Vincent Hospital on Friday, August 29th, and is now able to go about, but will not be able to resume his duties in the Printery where he is employed for a couple of weeks at least.

## OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

August 29, 1924—Ever hear of Slack's Camp up in the northern peninsula of Michigan among the Les Cheneaux Islands? We had never, until the other day a friend sent us a description of the place. We even didn't know who Slack was, until we had read a letter accompanying the map, and then we found out that he was the husband of Grace Munger, a graduate of the Ohio School.

The camp is situated on the southern point of Marquette Island, northern corner on a tract of 100 acres, which he purchased from the State twenty-five years ago, and in all that time he has had a man to look after the property, and keep it in shape. Huckleberries must grow in abundance, for he has added to the name of the Camp, The Home of the Huckleberry Pie.

One can reach the islands from Mackinac by small steamers in a short time, as they are only about fourteen miles distant. The scenery along the route is grand, and the fishing of the kind that makes the followers of Isaac Walton smile for perch, pickerel, muscullonge, and black bass abound, and even trout can be had in the near mainlands.

Mr. Slack has put up a number of cottages, accommodating two to sixteen people. There are also a central dining and entertainment halls.

The Slacks spent the winter in Toledo, and left there in May, with two families, three auto drivers to haul the people and a truck full of camp goods, going by way of Cedarville, Michigan, and from the latter by launch to the camp.

After the camp was opened, a reporter of the Toledo News-Beacon, called, and this is what he wrote:

### AT SLACK'S CAMP.

"Captain Ed T. Slack, 1829 Lawrence Avenue, who operates Slack's Camp in the Snows, 13 miles from Mackinac, in the summer hasn't much use for some of the brands of Michigan justice, he says he has met up with. It is at the Snows that such fellows as Truesdell and Phil Hansenzahl foregather in the summer.

Ed says that while he and a friend were fishing for perch one day, they were having such good sport they didn't notice how many they were taking.

"When we had cleaned all, we could use we still found we had a bushel left," he said, "and going on a butter and egg trip, we decided to distribute them among the farmers. But a stool pigeon had telephoned to Pickford, a game warden came along, arrested me on the road, and took me before the court, where a \$50 fine was assessed. I paid half; it was all the cash I had. But a few days later the laws were looked into, and it was found, as I had asserted, that there is no limit to the number of perch, one can legally take around the Snows. No more fine was paid nor did I go to jail. It only shows that sometimes the justices are a trifle ignorant of the law themselves."

Maybe Ed's story is a hint that he'd like to have come up there, and catch some of those perch. He calls his place "The Home of the Huckleberry Pie," and that is a lure in itself. What say?

As a result of the write up there came a rush of campers to the place, and more help was required to provide for them, with none to be had, so Mr. Slack wrote to Toledo parties for assistance. Among those who responded were Mrs. B. P. Green and son. Mr. Green is a cause engaged in the improvement of his home, had to decline, but he will go up next year. A card received from Mrs. Green, the day this is written, says she will stay till October, that it is a wonderful camp, and she enjoys the experience, it being her first camp life. Many guests are there, some even from Pennsylvania.

Those desiring a real vacation and relaxation from the cares of city life will find it in the air, Woods and water in the surroundings of the Snows. Because of the spicy, balsam laden atmosphere of the country, those suffering from hay fever find relief upon entering the region. Those desiring more information about the camp should write: The Snows Resort Company, Cedarville, Mich.

The Ohio friends of Mr. William L. Sawhill will regret to hear that he met with a distressing accident on July 29th, which will keep him from his work till October 1st, according to the doctor's advice. Intending to repair the roof of a house he was ascending an extension ladder, leaning against the edge of the roof and carrying in his left hands three slates, a bucket of tar, cement and a ripper. The neighbor, who was assisting him, had failed to hold the ladder while Mr. Sawhill was going up. It turned suddenly, and Mr. Sawhill landed on both feet on the cement pavement. The drop was about sixteen feet. He was lucky to have pre-

sence of mind to straighten himself up during the descent, otherwise, his head might have struck a window sill of stone with more serious consequences. He suffered most in the left foot, because of the more weight he carried on that side. An X-ray examination revealed that half of the heel bone was broken. The other member was severely hurt too, but is about right again.

Mr. Sawhill has been limping around on crutches since the accident occurred, and doctor told him the plaster cast could not be removed before September 1st, and can not go back to his work till a month later. Mrs. Sawhill was still in Ohio last week, visiting the Toomeys, of Canton, and Zimmermans at Salem, but was expected home soon. Probably she had not been informed of her husband's mishap, for fear of breaking up the enjoyment of her visits to friends in the State.

### DAYTON CLIPS.

The annual picnic of the Western Ohio Deaf was held on the 3d inst., at Overlook Park, at West Milton, Ohio, with an attendance of about one hundred and fifty. Among those from a distance was Leslie Oren, the blind-deaf young man, of near Wilmington, Ohio, who was a guest of his former teacher, Mrs. Ada Cureton, nee Lyon; Joseph Goldman and Mrs. Honieon, of Middletown; and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, of Hamilton, were the others. Roy Conklin and his large family, of Versailles (not France), were there with his fishing poles, but for some reason, the finny tribe did not come near his hooks. Mrs. Clara Munday, the president, failed to show up, as also the vice president, Mrs. O. Riddle, who arrived from a visit to her sister in law, at Zanesville, too late to assume control.

The new officers for next year are: Mrs. John Wiggmore, president; Renben Fettes, vice-president; Wm. Huebner, secretary, and John Wiggmore, treasurer.

There were no games or special features, just a quiet picnic sort of affair, which every one present enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Schoneman, of Jacksonville, Illinois, were present, and their pleasant personality shed joy among the crowd. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Albert.

The Dayton Ladies' Aid Society will have a picnic, at Lake Side, National Soldiers Home, on Thursday, August 28th. Mrs. Veronica Stebelton and Miss Eva Berger are the committee in charge. Each lady is to bring her own lunch.

Dayton was represented at the Cincinnati Division, N. F. S. D., at the Zoo, by these: Mr. F. S. D. Warren Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morris, Messrs Peterson and Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harmeyer and Mrs. C. H. Cory.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson left, August 23d, for the latter's home, at Greenwich, Connecticut, to spend a couple of weeks.

William Fitzgibbons, a New York product, who since January last has been employed by the U. S. Publishing House, has sought a new pasture elsewhere.

Mr. C. H. Cory, who is visiting in Lima, O., sent us the clipping below from a paper there.

We do not know the man, we have looked through the Gallaudet College Catalogue, and his name does not appear in it. It is more than likely that where the word college is used, a school is meant. Probably the Trenton School has a record of his work there.

The Ohio School graduated a Gordon T. Struble from both the literary and printing department last June, whose home is in Cincinnati, and we do not think he is the person referred to in the account:

Norman Struble, 21, deaf and dumb, funds living among people who cannot talk his language a lonesome proposition.

A graduate of a college for the deaf, he wants to become acquainted with some one who can talk to him in his finger language.

He lives with his sister, Mrs. J. A. Pineau, No. 1020 Brice Avenue. His parents have gone to Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. Struble, who has been deaf and dumb all his life, came to Lima three weeks ago after completing a post graduate course in linotype work at the Trenton School, Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Pineau requests that any Lima people able to talk fluently in the deaf and dumb code get in touch with her.

If enough such people can be found in the city, a deaf and dumb club will probably be organized, with regular meetings at the homes of the members. By thus getting together, the members will be able to pay small dues and purchase books written in their code.

A reception and good-bye party was tendered Mrs. C. H. Cory last Saturday, by Mrs. E. I. Holycross, whose guest she was during her stay in the city.

During the evening refreshments of ice cream and cakes were passed around, and social talk was the main feature. She left here for Dayton, Ohio, from whence she will depart for her home in St. Petersburg, Fla., September 1st. These were at the party: Mr. and

Mrs. Walter Wark, Mr. and Mrs. George Clum, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. William Friend, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Atwood, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Schwartz, Mr. Robert MacGregor, Mrs. Joseph Leib, Mrs. Herman Cook and Mrs. George D. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Winemiller and children, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzing and Mr. Wm. Mayer and wife, were out on a blackberry expedition. The place about 50 miles distant from Columbus. They went by auto. They brought back about 100 quarts, and we opine friends who will visit on them, will be treated to blackberry jam or jelly.

The Columbus Railway and Power Company is placing the wires along Washington Avenue under ground. The street runs along the east side of the school grounds. In digging the trench huge boulders in several places came in the path, their heads, bent little below the surface and reaching far down beneath the level of the trench. The sidewalk is half obstructed by the dirt, but it will be cleared off by the time pupils are back to school.

This is State Fair Week. The exhibition is one of the finest the State has yet produced. Over fifty thousand people visited it on Monday. My! there were some horses, cattle, sheep and hogs shown. The porkers especially were in evidence. Bull and milk cows and heifers, slick and fat, were the wonder, as they came into the ring and were judged. Two long buildings filled from end to end were devoted to automobiles, sedans and trucks for exhibitions. The fish and game building with its many varieties of fish attracted thousands of visitors. There were many other attractions, and those who failed to visit the fair lost a good thing in the way of an educational advantage.

A. B. G.

### AKRON O.

H. Liggett, Strand Hotel, has suffered with a deeply lacerated forehead. The accident occurred early Friday morning, when a trucker unintentionally pitched a rubber tire, striking him in the back, and knocked him into his machine. Liggett is now showing some improvement.

Miss Miriam Burton returned recently from Bluefield, W. Va., accompanied by her sister, Mary Burton, who will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. Arritt.

Mrs. Clifford Dille and son, Carl Burton, have returned home after spending the summer with her parents at Falls Mills, Va.

Mrs. R. L. Unsworth, D. R. Wickline and John T. Hower were among the many prize winners at East Akron Community picnic at Springfield Lake Park, Wednesday, August 6th.

Oscar S. Duncan died at the home of his parents near Hohenwald, Tenn., after suffering for about a year. He leaves a widow and little son, Oscar Teddy. Mr. Duncan was a member of the Good-year flying squadron during the past five years, and seemed to be in the best of health. He was a product of the Tennessee State School for the Deaf at Knoxville.

Julius Erickson, of Washington, D. C., recently, made a short visit to the home of his brother, Earl Erickson and family, on his way to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Baliff announce of a new daughter at their home on Sunday, July 27th.

Fred W. Sibitzky, of Chicago, after touring in Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and New York for a month's vacation, visited his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Zitznik, Monday and Tuesday before returning home.

Royal Durian has returned from a motor trip to Ulises, Pa., bringing with him Mrs. Durian and three children, who spent a two weeks' vacation with her parents. John Carver took a vacation at his old home in Horse Cave, Ky., August 17th to 24th.

Mrs. J. H. Fleming left last week for Ashland, Ky., where she will spend several weeks with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Lewis. Katherine and Anna Belle Fleming, who are also guests at the Lewis home during the summer vacation, will accompany Mrs. Fleming home for the school.

Mrs. Bert Hardwick arrived home Friday, August 29th, from Loris, South Carolina, where she visited relatives and friends.

Jay Brown recently returned to work at Goodyear after being confined in his home with a badly sprained ankle the past several weeks.

Adenzo Chavanzo, silent boxer and Firestone worker, had the misfortune to injury his foot about two weeks ago while working. Chavanzo's foot is much better.

Iva M. Robinson recently returned from St. Paul, Minn., and a sojourn with relatives in South Dakota. His wife will stay there until fall. Mr. Robinson stated that over 100 mutes, who were present at the St. Paul Convention, made gas masks and built huge balloons at Goodyear for the war in 1917-18.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knollman, of Cincinnati, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Richt in Cuyahoga Falls, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowley in Canton. Mr. Knollman and Mr. Crowley were old chums in their younger days at the Ohio School for the Deaf. They had not seen each other for about forty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dann left Saturday for the home of his mother, Mrs. Dann, in West Sunbury, Pa., where they will spend a week.

## LOUISVILLE.

"The Great Gib" (Francis P. Gibson), Grand Secretary of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, put the finishing touches on his two weeks' vacation in Louisville, Saturday and Sunday, August 23d and 24th, the guest of the Third Grand Vice-President, our own "Big Jawn."

Saturday night the Muellers invited Messrs. and Mesdames Fugate, Frederick, Hartman, Hovious and Ferg, and Messrs. Robert and Gordon Kannappell and "Uncle" Pat Dolan, to their house to meet their noted guest. Gib has an uncanny sight of remembering faces and places, and placed every one present. They engaged in linguistic exercises until "Big Jawn" had to call their attention that the last car was due soon.

Sunday morning with "Big Jawn" as guide and Bill Hovious at the wheel in the latter's car, Gib was taken for a spin through Louisville's boulevard and park system, and he commented upon the fact that it had grown and improved considerably since the famous 1909 Louisville convention.

Sunday afternoon at beautiful Shawnee Park, Gib came into personal contact with many members of No. 4, their wives, children and friends. A gentle downpour of rain did not dampen the enthusiasm of the "faithful few."

Sunday night, behind closed doors, Gib and "Big Jawn" attacked with sleeves rolled up a lot of fraternal business.

Gib is the same Gib as of old. He always has a smile, a hearty handshake and a good word for the low brow as well as for the high brow. His heart and soul are in the N. F. S. D., for the advancement and welfare of his fellow mutes. Elected to his present office at the famous Louisville convention, and re-elected at each succeeding convention, the Society owes Gib much for steering it clear from the rocks, and for the progress and growth it has since enjoyed.

Oh, say Gib, we're sorry you only spent two days here, come again some other time and stay longer, and let us show you more of the genuine Kentucky hospitality. When "Big Jawn" Mueller returned from the recent St. Paul Grand Conclave of the N. F. S. D., he was accompanied by an interesting visitor, Prof. John W. Howson, Professor in the California School for the Deaf, on his way to see a brother, who is an electrical executive at the hydro-electric plant at Dix River. Prof. Howson stopped over in Danville and was entertained by the good Colonel McClure, and shown through the Kentucky School (in the summer time, too bad). Prof. Howson is better known to the deaf all over the country by his literary efforts, being the Editor of "The Argonaut" columns in the *Silent Worker*.

Years ago, when Ten Broeck won the Kentucky Derby, Professor Howson's father was the jockey on Molly O, an unsuccessful contender.

William C. ("Bill") Fugate has come back. He is the new Secretary of Louisville Division, No. 4, N. F. S. D., succeeding the new Third Grand Vice President. His address is 230 East St. Joseph Street. Non resident members of No. 4 should make note that he is the proper mogul to inform in case of sickness or change of address.

Bill's selection is nothing new to him. He was Secretary for many years before, and after the famous Louisville Convention, he retired to give the others a chance. His being called back to the job speaks for itself—it was the job seeking the man—not the reverse.

Mrs. Alex Sams (Linda Locker) and two little children have returned from several weeks spent on her parent's farm in Lancaster, Ky., much improved in health and refreshed from a long rest away from the dust, noise and bustle of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bader, of Jeffersonville, and Mr. and Mrs. Vance Clipp, of New Albany, took advantage of the excursion to St. Louis over the Southern Railway, August 16-17. We wonder what the attraction was down that way.

James Hawkins (not the "Jimmie" Hawkins in Treasure Island), but our good friends, Jamison, poultry raiser, printer and inventor extraordinary, of Stephensport, Ky., was in town August 1st to 5th. Outside of No. 4's meeting, we wonder what the attraction was here. Jimmie let us on to his late-

est invention—that potatoes will eventually grow with hairs on them; and offers as proof his head, almost bald on his last visit here a year ago, is not bald now, but shows an abundance of glossy white hair. How did he do it? Just by using plain *baking powder*. (J. Cooke Howard, try this.)

"Big Jawn" and Mrs. Mueller, "Little Jeff" and Mrs. Cudiff, Misses Lily Norris and Bernice Pollock and Herman Scott composed Louisville's "silent" delegation to invade the Queen City August 9th to 10th, attending Cincinnati Division's Picnic on Saturday, and taking in the sights on Sunday.

Elmer Disz, formerly of New Albany and Dallas, Texas, but now of Chicago, with the Missus and children, spent three weeks in August in and around Cincinnati and Louisville, making the trip in Elmer's trusted flyver. His time in Louisville was limited, and he had no chance to look up all his old cronies.

Disz holds a remunerative position in the Windy City, and as well as succeeding in prospering, having taken heed of good old Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man."

Mrs. J. H. Mueller is back home after a delightful three weeks vacation trip, which she spent as follows: One week in Columbus, Ohio, with the Huffmans; one week in Cleveland, Ohio, with the Hartmans; and one week in Berry, Ky., with the Renakers. From the last named place she returned as a martyr with plenty of "chiggers."

After spending two days in "The Greatest Town on Earth," Mr. Francis P. Gibson, of Chicago, by now, no doubt, knows how it feels to be a "Louis-villian."

Beginning with the August 23d issue, the Sunday Herald-Post announces a series of ten articles on "A Survey of the State's Public Institutions—How the State cares for its Wards—How it is Educating them." And proposes to "answer these and many other question affecting the public conscience." Space in the JOURNAL permitting, and if Mr. Hodgson does not frown at it, we will send in to the JOURNAL for reproduction the article on the Kentucky School for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer C. Wesley, with little Homer C., Jr., and Mrs. Wesley's mother, Mrs. Jenkins, are spending two weeks with Mrs. Wesley's folks in Eastern Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hartman are now keeping house at 1030 East Kentucky Street, several doors above "Big Jawn's." The Hartmans and Muellers form an unbeatable foursome at 500.

The writer was walking home from work one evening last week and noticed a fellow making a house to house canvass on West Broadway. Our suspicions were aroused and we decided to investigate. We recognized the offender as Otto Jones, whom we had known twenty years ago in school. Jones is strong and able-bodied and capable of doing manual labor, but who, for reasons best known to himself, prefers to live in "luxury" (?) playing the deaf and dumb panhandle racket. After we gave him a stiff lecture on the evils of begging and promising to put the cops after him, he beat a hasty retreat out of our neighborhood. On second thought, we are sorry we did not manhandle him.

The very next day after the incident above referred to, Jones was taken into tow by a stern guardian of the law for, as a local paper puts it "vagrancy, annoying residents in the fashionable Cherokee Park District by begging." The local paper also says "Jones was the first mute whose description and finger prints have been filed in the local bureau."

At his trial in Judge Eugene Dailey's Police Court, Jones got no mercy. He was ordered to leave town and upon his reappearance here, the Judge said so, he will get thirty days making large rocks into small ones.

"Bill" Fugate spent the week of August 24th to 31st, visiting his relatives in the Eastern Kentucky Mountains for the first time in many years. When opportunity presented itself, he preached the gospel of the N. F. S. D., to the deaf of the mountain fastness, and we sincerely trust his efforts will bear fruit later on. Bill was accompanied back home by his son, Carl, who had preceded him several weeks.

The Catholic Deaf Unit of the Falls Church attached to St. Martin's Church held their second annual picnic at beautiful Shawnee Park, on August 18th. Julius H. Sonn acted as Master of Ceremonies and was in rare form. The whole family and big lunch baskets were everywhere in evidence.

Quite a few of the Louisville deaf intend to invade Lexington, our neighboring Blue Grass City, August 31st to September 1st. The occasion is the first annual picnic of the deaf of Lexington. A full write up in our next letter, if we go.

"CERTIFIED BOND."

Mrs. Frank J. Keller, of Rochester, had the misfortune to fall about two weeks ago and break her ankle. She was taken to Rochester, where it was put in a cast. She will be laid up for some time, as the cast has to stay on seven weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Seandel are at North Branch, the second highest mountain in Sullivan County, and are loud in their praise of the beautiful scenery of the place. Mr. Seandel is now very much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Thomas, of Scranton, Pa., wishes to announce the engagement of their daughter, Kenneth, to Mr. Laurence Dillon Timer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Timer, of New York City.

Mrs. Eugene Pons accompanied by her youngest son, Wilfred, spent a few days with Mrs. Kinzel, and found time to visit Mrs. Joyce at Richmond Hills, while Miss Nora Joyce was there on her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kinzel have at last settled in the cozy bungalow they bought at South Ozone Park, L. I. The change from the crowded city has already benefited the health of their three children.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Barnes spent the Labor Day holidays at Chestine, Ct., on their sister's chicken egg "farm," and incidentally stayed for a few days, to get them "real fresh."

Mr. Peter Buttery, who has been confined in bed for six months is much better, though he is not yet able to walk. By the advice of his physician he has moved to Jamaica from Richmond Hill, L. I.

Miss Wanda Makowska and Mrs. John N. Funk are having a fine time as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Koepfer in Schenectady. They made a trip to Saratoga Springs.

Miss Sally Mintzer and Mr. Daniel Lazarus were betrothed last winter, the fact only leaked out a short time ago. As yet no definite date has been set for the wedding.

It was Miss Helen C. Moss, not Elizabeth Moss that was in the city last week, the guest of Mrs. Henry Peters, of Washington Heights, this city.

Mr. Fred Wilson, of Philadelphia, who is employed in the Philadelphia Water Bureau, was in the city on Sunday, August 31st.

Messrs. Frankenheim, Kohlman and Suweine went to Boston last week and remained over Labor Day.

On August 31st, Mrs. J. Kaus-riddle left for Rockville, L. I., to spend her vacation.

Among the excursionists to Indian Point last Sunday, was W. J. Hayes, of Baltimore.

Morris C. McMickle, of Orange, N. Y., was in the city for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. McMann left, on Friday, August 29th, for a week's tour up State.

Mrs. Lipgens and Miss Spanton are to spend ten days at Lake George.

Jack Ebin was at Saratoga Springs during Labor Day.

### Quakes Rock Hawaii

Following earthquakes in the Puna district of the Island of Hawaii, on which Iliio is located, the land around the village of Kapoho is sinking. Measurements taken at the Kapoho railway station showed it had dropped eight feet since the quakes began. The inhabitants of the village fled.

### Dances of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Haltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

#### SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.  
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 1:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.  
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.  
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.  
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.  
Other Places by Appointment.

### Pittsburgh Reformed Presby-terian Church.

Eight St. between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.  
REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.  
Mrs. KATH, Superintendent for the deaf.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.  
Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

### Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.



EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1033 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

## THE DEAF AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

ABOUT two weeks ago, a deaf-mute had his license as automobile operator revoked, "on the discovery that he was deaf and dumb."

This is said to have occurred in Springfield, Ill., and the name of the deaf-mute is given as Charles Mason.

It would be wise for the National Association of the Deaf to take quick action in the matter, and ascertain if it was the fault of individual carelessness or simply and solely because he was deaf.

One of the prime objects of the National Association is to uphold the rights of the deaf. They should not be discriminated against without sturdy protest. We must fight for our rights on every occasion that imposition is practiced, and the National Association is pledged to help us.

In some of the States there has been good, strong protests, backed by funds that enabled the deaf to come out on top. But vigilance must not be relaxed, even in such States as California and Pennsylvania, where licenses are granted to all who qualify.

Adverse legislation in one State will be followed by similar action in other States, and every instance that goes to show, theoretically, that the deaf driver is a menace to the safety of others as well as himself, will be marked as evidence against the class as a whole.

Temperaments differ in all the human family, so that one case where a deaf driver has been careless or reckless does not justify the condemnation of them all.

Up near Buffalo recently, one deaf-mute was killed and three others badly injured, because of reckless driving. This particular deaf-mute was reckless. He paid for it with his life. All over the Union, there are other deaf drivers who are not reckless. They are careful, vigilant, observing the rules of the road at all times. They do not figure in accidents. Is it right to place these alongside the reckless driver, and condemn them because they are deaf? Applying such a system of reasoning to those who hear, would be jeered at as ridiculous and absurd.

In the city street, the traffic rules are strictly enforced. These rules, if properly observed, are almost a guarantee of safety. On country roads, the eyes of the deaf see what is ahead of them, and by aid of the mirror, know when a car behind them wishes to pass—the siren signal to them being unnecessary.

All the deaf ask is a square deal. Will the National Association see that they get it?

## CHICAGO.

A fool there was who would risk his neck  
Through reckless driving at night, by heck...  
His auto now is a total wreck!

A car loaded with deaf Chicagoans, and driven by the owner—one Hilly—was utterly wrecked while trying to pass another car on the road near Morris, Ill., Saturday night, August 30th.

John Stinchcomb was roused from bed by the town officials and rushed to the hospital to interpret what was at first thought to be the dying statements of the five or six folks, mostly Italians, in the car. Two were badly injured, one being pinned under the wreck. When the effects of the shock wore off, and the women ceased their hysteria, it was found that except for minor bruises and scratches the others were physically sound. I understand the two injured men were removed to their homes here next day.

Trying to pass a car ahead, this party either side-swiped a car coming from the opposite direction, or the driver's nerve failed him, for the car piled up beside the road with the wheels on one side shattered it down to the hubs.

It won't take many more fool catastrophes like this to give a black eye to deaf drivers hereabouts. If you see Hilly, let him know your sentiments on the "Safety or Sorrow" crusade. Fortunately for us, the matter did not get into the papers. And I certainly did not hand it to my Hearst service.

For the first time in his thirty-one years as a minister of the gospel, Rev. Hasenstab kissed the bride at the wedding ceremony he conducted September 3d.

The bride he kissed was his own daughter, Miss Constance Elliott, whom he married to Millard Rolland Elmes, of Chicago, in the Hasenstab cottage at Lake Delavan, Wis. This is the first of the four famous Hasenstab girls to change her name. The bride, a graduate of the University of Chicago, looks, acts, and is a Christian in all the name implies.

The strains of "Lohengrin" began at 4, and down the stairs of the Hasenstab cottage, or "De Lyte Lodge," came little Ward Small and Anita Crosby, grand-daughter of Paul Lange, of Delavan. Marching to the altar, they took from each end a long ribbon trimmed with dahlias, which they stretched to the foot of the stairs—making a lane for the wedding procession.

First came Peggy Craig strewing rose-petals, followed by bridesmaids Beatrice and Joyce Hasenstab, dressed in peach silk gettoe crepe, carrying gladioli. Behind followed two and one half year old Betty Elmes, bearing the ring in an artificial water-lily. Next the maid-of-honor, Grace Hasenstab, dressed in orchid silk gettoe crepe, also carrying gladioli.

"Here comes the Bride," they said, as Miss Constance (she is here-with called "Miss") for the last of many times) came sweetly arrayed in white crepe, her long veil topped by a wreath of orange blossoms and carrying a large bouquet of white roses and white lilies-of-the-valley, from which hung suspended large chiffon ribbons, also narrow ribbons bearing a shower of sweet-peas.

Mr. Harris, the groom's partner in the concrete firm of Elmes and Harris, served as best man. Rev. Hasenstab's reading of the marriage ritual was aided by Dr. Joseph Harper, President of the Methodist College for Women, Jacksonville, Ill., where each of the three eldest Hasenstab girls graduated, and where Joyce, the youngest, will matriculate this month.

Daddy Hasenstab kissed the bride. A photographer from town took a flashlight. Refreshments were served on the lawn—it being a perfect Indian Summer day.

At six o'clock the happy couple left for a two-week auto-honeymoon to New Orleans—the car being decorated with "Just Married" signs and a tail of tin-cans.

Clarence Murday drove up from Chicago in his Reo, carrying the Ben Franks, Rev. H. Rutherford, Miss Cora Jacoba and her 80-year-old mother. A party also went up by train, consisting of Mrs. Gus Hyman and daughter, Mrs. G. T. Dougherty, the Wm. Zollingers, Harry Hart, and Mrs. J. F. Meagher. Delavanites invited to the ceremony included the Frederick Neessams and F. B. Pleasant, Paul Lange and family, Mrs. E. W. Craig and family.

Miss Constance—since her graduation from the University of Chicago three years ago, has served as her father's assistant in his missionary field. She is a licensed minister authorized to conduct marriage ceremonies, etc., and will not give up her chosen vocation by reason of her marriage.

Rev. Hasenstab certainly had a busy week. Attended the Home picnic Monday. Tuesday he married a couple in Fort Wayne, Ind.—Fred Rines and Miss Selma Ueberhack. Then Wednesday he married his own daughter in Wisconsin.

Paul Belling, who managed the Sac entertainment of August 30th—31st—was here advertised on printed "flyers" as: "A two-day Mardi Gras Carnival, a worthy entertain-

ment, something new and unusual, no dull moments, full of fun," seems to have misunderstood the term. The real Mardi Gras is an annual carnival week in New Orleans, where visitors and residents alike don masquerade costumes and dance around the streets, throwing confetti (remember Mary Pickford in Lubitsch's "Rosita").

The Sac Mardi Gras was not a Mardi Gras at all. Not a single masker, not a single Mardi Gras feature. In fact, to be brutally frank, the proper name for it would be a "Monte Carlo."

The Pas-a-Pas picnic at Polonia, August 31st, and the nineteenth annual "Home" picnic at Natoma Park Labor Day, were both fair-to-middlin'. "Games and races," as featured in printed reminders, were conspicuous by their absence. Claude Russell was chairman of the "Home" picnic. In this era, when the majority invariably decline to manage committees of any sort, knowing by sad experience how difficult the work is, Russell stands out as a willing goat; he was never known to decline. He did the best he could—but Chicago (like St. Paul) is not surfeited with "managers" of the Veditz, Ayers, and Dickinson type. Draw your own conclusions.

Rain kept down the attendance at the "Home" picnic, but among the many visitors observed there were: Miss Mary McDonald, Jacksonville; Miss Lena Bjorkquest, Clinton; Edgar Webb, wife and son, of Rock Island; Arthur Johnson, wife and three children, Rock Island; Andrew Knauf and wife, Charles Schmidt and wife, Miss Elsie Buckley and Miss June Cleveland, all of Aurora; Ashley Mickenham and Charles Cloud and wife, LaPorte, Ind.; Miss Meta Hausman, Delavan, Wis.; Joe Loyer and J. Gross, St. Louis; and the Edwin Hazels, of Omaha. Edwin went back that day in their Essex sedan, but his winsome Mary remained a few days longer with friends.

Miss Clara Magli has left Chicago, returning to her home in Wisconsin. Rumor has it she will return anon as the wife of a popular and well-to-do Chicagoan.

To offset the loss of Miss Magli, several additions to our silent society may be recorded. First in importance come two members of the ladies' auxiliary of the St. Paul frat convention committee—the committee which raised \$4000 for an entertainment. They are Miss Helen Franklin and Miss Betty Plonshinsky, who will remain permanently if they secure satisfactory situations and like the social life. Miss Franklin is living with Mrs. David Padden—who is just back from a two-month vacation on her parents' Minnesota farm. Miss Betty is living with Mrs. Otto Lorenz. Both Mrs. Padden and Mrs. Lorenz are former Minnesota girls, and have made such admirable citizens that Chicago Silentdom gladly welcome all others from the frat-convention-State.

D. Eckstrom and wife, from Omaha, are here to stay. Robert Reeser, Knoxville, Tenn., is also working here. Mrs. Florian Cleys is back from three weeks on her parents' ranch in Colorado. Mrs. William Heagie is back from a month in New Albany, Ind. Mrs. Euphonia Fuller is back from a month in Flora, Ill. Mrs. Emil Knudtson is back after a year in Minnesota.

Godfrey Lanby spent a week visiting his sister in Wisconsin, immediately after the St. Paul Convention, where he was guest of his brother, whose wife was on the Ladies' auxiliary of the local committee.

FOUND—An honest fisherman! Proclaim his name unto the uttermost ends of fratdom, for he is a frat. The Rev. Henry Rutherford, returning from his three-week vacation, which he spent principally with hook and line, was asked how big were his catches. Rutherford replied, but truthfully, admitted he had poor luck with the finny tribe.

Mrs. James Watson has left Chicago for good. After two months in California, she will make her home with her oldest son in Des Moines. On the 27th a farewell dinner was tendered her at All Angels—and the invited guests "invited" to contribute fifty cents cover charges. A nice necklace was given the departing matron.

While the W. DesRoches were in Milwaukee, visiting the E. Rosenfelds, DesRoches fell and hurt his leg on a sidewalk. The owner settled for \$40.

Miss Halleene Myers, Clyde, Ohio, is here studying at the Illinois School for Beauty Culture.

Mrs. Henry Austin, Washington, D. C., is visiting her aunt in Maywood.

Ingal Dahl is certainly playing in hard luck. A year ago his pocket was picked of forty-one dollars on a trolley. At the "Home" picnic Labor Day, some light-fingered gent relieved him of twenty dollars. If Dahl ever catches a pick-pocket in the act, there will be a funeral.

Fremond S. Offerlee, of Elgin, gave an interesting lecture before a good crowd at the Pas-a-Pas, August 23d, using Washington Irving's "Spanish Tales."

Mrs. Ed. Mathias, aged 51, died at her home in Elgin, August 29th.

Ed. Harmon, for the past year a linotype operator in the Government Printing Office in Washington, D. C., is now studying photo-engraving at the Effingham school.

THE MEAGHERS.

## NEW JERSEY.

The Second Biennial Convention of the New Jersey State Branch, N. A. D., was held at the People's Palace, Jersey City, N. J., on Saturday, August 30th, to September 1st, 1924.

The first day's attendance was small, hence only a brief session was held.

The meeting was opened by Mr. Charles T. Hummer, who introduced Commissioner A. Harry Moore. Mrs. Temple interpreted the address.

The response was made by Mr. Hummer.

President Frederick A. Moore, of Trenton, then delivered a short address, and made an announcement for the Labor Day (Monday, September 1st) session, when a big crowd is expected to be present.

Mr. Hummer explained the way to go to Indian Point the next day, and where to take Steamer from; and that at 8 o'clock in its evening, there would be a moving picture show at the Palace, and at 9 o'clock a banquet would be held.

At the movie show there were about 150 present, and at the banquet, which was fine, there was just 100 present.

Mr. Hummer was toast-master. Those making responses were President Moore, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. W. W. Beadell, Rev. J. H. Kenty Marcus L. Kenner. Last, but not least was Mrs. Johanna McCluskey's rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Among those present at the banquet were Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Amoss, of Baltimore, newly-weds, having come direct to New Jersey after being married at St. Francis Xavier, Baltimore, Md. The bride, who is an accomplished lady of refinement, finished her schooling at the St. Francis Xavier convent. Mr. Amos is an ex-services man of the World War. He lost his hearing by accident met him and taught him the sign language.

There was also present Mr. Fred C. Lurman, a gentleman of leisure, who lives on Riverside Drive in summer, and in Baltimore in winter.

About 100 took in the excursion to Indian Point, all had a good time. Miss Quinlan, of New Jersey, was almost drowned while bathing. She was resuscitated. Mr. A. S. Pach made a group photo.

## LABOR DAY SESSION.

It was after ten o'clock before the business session of the convention was opened.

President Fredrick A. Moore presided. Mr. H. Brendell read the minutes of the last meeting held in Trenton two years ago.

The President then delivered a very masterly address.

Resolutions and amendments to the By-Laws were then presented by Mr. Miles Sweeney, and adopted.

After an able address by Mr. Beadell, of Arlington, N. J., on the unjust discrimination against the deaf in securing licenses to drive automobiles, it was decided to raise a fund to protect the rights of the deaf.

The election of officers to serve for the next two ensuing years resulted in the election of the following:

President, Vito Dondiego, of Trenton; First Vice-President, George Brede, of Jersey City; Second Vice-President, Harry Dixon, of Jersey City; Secretary, Miles Sweeney, of Trenton; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Sweeney, of Trenton.

The next convention will be held on February 22d, 1926 (Washington's Birthday).

The President, who by the way is the Secretary-Treasurer of the National Association of the Deaf, announced that next convention would be held in Washington, D. C., probably the last week in June, or in July, at Gallaudet College, if permission is obtained, otherwise in some suitable hall in the National Capital.

The afternoon was devoted to outdoor sports, in the Public Park, nearby.

The winners of the games were as follows:

50 yards run (Ladies)—Won by Miss Jessie Casterline. Miss Lotz was second.

The balloon race for ladies was won by Miss Jessie Casterline, all other competitors' balloons got out of the path, hence there was no other that crossed the tape with her balloon.

100 Yards Dash (Men)—Won by James Garrick, with Frank Heintz a very close second.

Abraham Lichtblau was third. 220 Yards Dash (Men)—Won in the order: James Garrick, Frank Heintz and Abraham Lichtblau.

Five competed in the Mile Run. James Garrick gave up on the second lap. The winner was Frank Heintz, who beat Charles Weimuth just by a few feet. N. Cairano was third.

The judges of the games were: Edward Bradley, John B. Ward and Dick Salmon. Fredrick A. Moore was starter.

Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded, which many consider to have been the finest given by any deaf organization this season.

There was a reception and ball at the People's Palace in the evening, which did not terminate till midnight, and which was greatly enjoyed by a large number of the deaf of New Jersey as well as from New York.

To Charles Hummer belongs the most credit, for having arranged and carried out almost everything, of the success of the convention, banquet, and games, and finally the ball which wound up the affair.

## LOUISVILLE.

The Kentucky School for the Deaf, at Danville, opens its doors for the 102d time on Wednesday, September 17th. A Danville friend has promised to furnish us with a list of the changes in the K. S. D. staff, which we will reproduce in our next letter.

We made a little mistake in the write up of Otto Jones. We should have said he received a suspended fine of five beans, and at the same time was ordered to leave town, which he lost no time in doing.

"Big Jaw" Mueller may be the new Third Grand Vice-President of the N. F. S. D., but take it from us, who know him well, neither his husband nor his waist line have expanded. He is still the same "Jawn" of old, with a smile and good word for one and all.

The writer was one of the fortunate few of the Louisville deaf to attend the third annual Picnic of the Deaf of Lexington and vicinity on Sunday, August 31st. The affair was held at Joyland Park, three miles out of Lexington on the Paris Pike. Riddle Broadbent acted as Master of Ceremonies and worked hard to make it a success—and it was, from a social and linguistic standpoint. The deaf of Lexington set up the eats and the visitors paid for the ice cream—a fair exchange, we should say—a new departure from the usual style of picnic we have attended in the past. There were about seventy-five in attendance. Lexington and nearby towns furnished about fifty, while Louisville was represented by twelve, Danville by ten, and Cincinnati by one. The Deaf of Lexington intended to hold next year's affair at either High Bridge or the Dix River Dam.

Bowling was resumed at the Silent Branch of the men's club of Cathedral House on Friday night, September 5th. President Mueller intends to devote his time in the next few weeks to selecting and drilling into perfection a representative team to challenge other Division towns. Indianapolis especially.

The writer is suffering the penalty of his recent visit to Lexington. The bunch down that way drafted us for the purpose of writing up their picnic for both the JOURNAL and the Kentucky Standard and as there was no escape, we have to submit. If we make any omissions, we ask the indulgence of our Henry Clay friends.

James Wilkerson, of Lexington, Ky., who had been taking a six weeks' course at a Chicago linotype school, spent August 31st and 1st in Louisville on his way back home. He was royally dined, we are told, by the "Heavenly twins," Bohner and Hertzman.

Gordon and Robert Kannappell spent Labor Day in Nashville, Tenn. A little bird has whispered into our ear that one leaned too far off a steep precipice and almost fell into the matrimonial sea, but the other had the presence of mind to pull him by the coat tail back to safety.

Miss Mabel Harris, of Nicholasville, Ky., has been appointed Girls' Supervisor at the Kentucky School for the Deaf. She has a legion of friends, who all unite in wishing her good luck in her new position, and that she will ultimately make good is the hope shared by all.

The straightforward letters of John J. McNeill, Dr. James H. Cloud and Howard L. Terry, in the August 28th issue of the JOURNAL, show that the deaf in the United States need more men of the caliber of these three.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Hord, "Certified Bond" and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sams, in Hord's car with Hord at the wheel, composed one of the auto caravans to Lexington, the Sams getting off at the Midway to visit relatives. The other one contained Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell, "Little Jeff" Cundiff and his cook, Bertie, and "Uncle" Pat Dolan, with Campbell at the wheel. No accidents or punctures were encountered by either car going both ways, despite the bad roads of two detours.

CERTIFIED BOND.

## National Association of the Deaf

Organized, August 25, 1880.  
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare of All the Deaf.



PRESIDENT  
A. L. ROBERTS  
130 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT  
O. W. UNDERHILL  
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT  
MRS. C. L. JACKSON  
31 Gordon Street, Atlanta, Ga.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER  
F. A. MOORE  
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

BOARD MEMBER  
THOMAS F. FOX  
99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City

BOARD MEMBER  
J. W. HOWSON  
California School for Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

## RESIGNATION ACCEPTED

Ex-President Cloud, for the past year a member of the Executive Board of the Association, has tendered his resignation, for reasons that are personal and of interest only to himself.

His resignation has been accepted by the President, and under authority granted by Art. II, Sec. 4, of the laws of the Association, his successor will be appointed in due time, to serve out the unexpired term.

## WASHINGTON, 1926

By formal vote of the Executive Board, completed on August 25th, Washington, D. C., was selected as the next convention city of the Association. Little Rock, Arkansas, and Colorado Springs, Colo., were the other cities competing for the convention.

The personnel of the Washington Local and Program committees will be announced shortly, as well as the dates of the convention, which will probably be in August when the weather of Washington is more favorable.

Washington last entertained the Association in 1889, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Gallaudet monument there. Owing to the easy accessibility of Washington, its location in a thickly populated section of the country, and its many natural attractions, the 1926 convention of the N. A. D. should draw a record-breaking crowd.

## BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A strawberry festival was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Nitro, of Johnson City, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, June 14th. Tickets were sold for ice-cream and cake. Sandwiches and coffee were also sold.

Messrs. George Lewis, Arthur Rodman, Elery Race and his wife, Mrs. Race, drove up to Rome, N. Y., in George Lewis's automobile, early Saturday morning, June 14th, to attend to the Rome Alumni Association for the Deaf. Messrs. Hazel Lason and Margaret Lynn went there, too, on the train on the 13th. They all enjoyed their visit after the business talk. They all returned home in Lewis's automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Tilbury, their daughter, Gladys, of Endicott, N. Y., and Mr. John Clark, motored to Rome, N. Y., to attend to the Rome Alumni Association for the Deaf on the 14th of June, in Mr. Clark's automobile. They also enjoyed the visit and trip.

Misses Hazel Lason, Margaret Lynn, Mr. James Lewis and brother, George, had their week vacation at Atlantic City, N. J., last July. They had a fine time.

Miss Mary Rought is working for a lady and family of Port Crane, N. Y., who recently sold their farm, and moved to Harpersville, N. Y., where another farm was bought. She expects to stay as long the lady wants her.

A social was held at the home of Miss Sadie Cohn, on Saturday evening, July 12th. Some games were played. At a late hour nice refreshments were served. They had a pleasant evening.

The deaf people of this city and its vicinity rode in a truck to Lily Lake, about sixteen miles from this city, where they held an all-day picnic. A few hearing relatives joined them. They spent the day quietly, in swimming and rowing in row boats. Some of them got nice bouquets of water-lilies. They returned home with lovely sun-burnt cheeks and necks. They had a pleasant and quiet time.

Rev. Merrill was in this city on the 24th ult., and held service. A hymn was sung in sign language by three ladies. It pleased him. The last service he gave us last July, only one lady sang a hymn.

Messrs. Costello and Larkin,

employees at Roma School for the Deaf, had their vacation. They spent a few days as guests with Mr. and Mrs. Elery Race, and then visited some other pupils of the school. They returned to their tasks this week.

On the 23d of this month Mr. George Lewis was tendered a surprise party by his young friends in honor of his birthday, at the home of his fiancée, Hazel Lason. A swell scarf pin was presented to him. He had a birthday cake with twenty three candles. Games were played and short funny stories were told. Before their departure for home, light refreshments were served. All had an enjoyable and pleasant time.

## NEW YORK

Mrs. Henry Plapinger and daughter, Dorothy, arrived home safely on the "Resolute," Friday morning, August 29th, after quite a stormy voyage. They had just passed mid-ocean when the storm all New Yorkers read about came on, and overtook them. Though the ship was driven back 200 miles, and the waves dashed high against the ship, and the ship rocked terribly, not a soul on board was hurt. Most everybody was seasick, but Mrs. Plapinger remained well. All in all, they had the most wonderful, enjoyable ten weeks abroad, and they look every bit of it, and yet they claim there is no place like home.

Mr. Roland B. Bothner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bothner, and a young charming Miss E. Stella Jones, daughter of Dr. Walter Jones, of Manhattan, were married on Saturday noon, August 30th, at the Little Church Around the Corner, Fifth Avenue and 29th Street. They went to Roscoe, N. Y., for a month. After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bothner went to Budd Lake, N. J., with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. C. Bothner, of East Orange, N. J., by auto. They are spending their two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kohn with their little daughter, Betty, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Marshall, of Port Chester, N. Y., where they enjoyed their daily dip in the Long Island Sound. They came back home on the eve of Labor Day, and the next day they found their son, Edward, coming home, much benefited by camp life, being spent in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Stoll left home for Atlantic City and Long Beach on August 18th, with her daughter Sylvia, who played at the Imperial Theatre there for two weeks. They came home on August 31st, and attended their cousin's wedding and had lovely time. Mrs. Stoll had never been in Atlantic City or Long Beach.

Mrs. Fannie McCall, of Baltimore, Md., has been sojourning in this city since June. She is the daughter of the late Mr. James Wells, who was principal of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf, and an intimate friend of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

Mr. August Wriede, an honor graduate of Fawcett, who has been Military Instructor at the Maryland School for the Deaf, but who will fill similar position at the West Virginia School for the Deaf, this fall, visited his Alma Mater on Thursday last.

The Misses Connie Pizzutos, Sonnie Roven, Eva Miller, Sarah Jacobs and Anna Hoffman, enjoyed a motor ride from Spotswood to Princeton, N. J., and back last week, a distance of forty-five miles, and declared it was wonderful.

Mrs. Marie Moses, mother of Mrs. Rachel M. Loew and Morton S. Moses, has passed away after a long period of illness, on September 4th, and was buried, at Easton, Pa., on September 7th.

Mr. Francis W. Nubser, who has been at Claremont, N. H., during the month of August, has had a very restful and pleasant time, and expects to be back in New York next week.

Mrs. C. H. Vetterlein and Mrs. Helen Peters are now in Saratoga Springs, after stopping in Albany and Amsterdam, and will leave shortly for Lake George.

Mrs. Daniel Wasserman and her son, Jonas, returned home after almost a month spent in the Catskill Mountains.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Arwinsky are in the Bethany Deaconesses' Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Emil Baech, who has resided in Liberty, N. Y., for over a year, is in the city, and is looking fine.

Mrs. Theodore I. Lounsbury and her son, George, spent a few days at Jewett in the Catskills.

Mr. Abe Ormsky, of Baltimore, Md., spent last week in the city.

Miss Anna Klaus was at Bear Mountain on Labor Day.